



Stanford, (Sir) Charles
Villiers
 A sheaf of songs from
Leinster,
 A sheaf of songs from
Leinster. Op. 140

M
1621
S83
Op. 140

Laurence Holmes

A SHEAF OF SONGS FROM LEINSTER

1. GRANDEUR
2. THIEF OF THE WORLD.
3. A SOFT DAY.
4. LITTLE PETER MORRISSEY.
5. THE BOLD UNBIDDABLE CHILD.
6. IRISH SKIES.

Words by

W. M. LETTS

Music by

CHARLES V. STANFORD


OP. 140.

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58 Berners Street,
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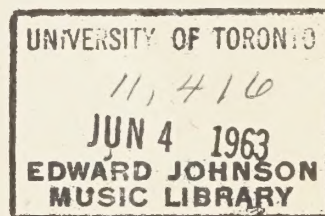
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M

1621

S83

op. 140

GRANDEUR.

★Poem by
W. M. LETTS.

Music by
C. V. STANFORD, Op. 140. No. 1.

VOICE. *Adagio.* *mp*

Poor Ma - ry Byrne is dead, An' all the world may

PIANO. *p*

see when she lies up-on her bed Just as fine as qual-i - ty. She

f *p*

pp

lies therestill and white, With can-dles ei - ther hand, That'll guard her thro' the night: Sure she

f ne - ver was so grand. *p* She holds her ro-sa-ry, Her

hands clasped on her breast, Just as da - cint as can be In the hab-it she's been

dress'd. In life her hands were red with ev - 'ry sort of toil, But they're

rall. *a tempo*

f white now she is dead, An' they've sor-ra mark of soil. *p* The

neigh - bours come and go, They kneel to say a prayer.

p

I wish her-self could know Of the way she's ly - in' there. It was

mf

work from morn till night, And hard she earn'd her bread: But I'm

mf *pp*

think-ing she's a right to be ai - sy now she's dead. When

mp

o - ther girls were gay, At wed - ding or at fair, She'd be

toil - ing all the day, Not a min - yit could she spare. An' no - one missed her

face, Or sought her in a crowd, But to - day they throng the place Just to

see her in her shroud. The

crea - ture in her life Drew trou-ble with each breath; She was just "poor Jim Byrne's

p

wife" — But she's love - - - ly in her death. I

wish the dead could see The splen-dour of a wake, For it's proud her-self' would be Of the

f

cresc. *mf*

keen-ing that they make.

f *f* *sf*

p teneramente

Och! lit - tle Ma - ry Byrne, You wel - come ev - 'ry guest, Is it

now you take your turn To be mer - ry with the rest? I'm think - ing you'd be

Più lento.

glad, Tho' the an - gels make your bed, Could you

see the — care we've had To re - spect you — now you're dead.

THIEF OF THE WORLD.

W. M. LETTS.

C. V. STANFORD.
Op. 140. No 2.

Allegro.

VOICE.

PIANO.

p staccato

f

Oh, it's lit - tle Ros-anne is the rogue of the world!_____

f

p

If it's vil - la - ny in it, Her - self will be there, An' it's

p

like she'll be - gin it with time and to spare. _____ For she's

pul - lin' my coat, or she's teas - ing the goat, Or - hunt - in' the chuck - ins, the

lit - tle old dote. Or may-be she's off on her two lit - tle toes, _____ An' the

Mis-chief is puzzled to guess wher she goes. _____

f
Oh, it's lit - tle Ros-anne is the thief of the world! _____

p
If you're hear - in' her laugh-ter, you'd best be a - ware, For there's

some-thing she's af - ter, But who can tell where? _____ Och! she's

sf
look - in' for eggs, or the bas - ket of pegs, Or she's

chas - in' the ducks Till they're run off their legs. There's

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are "chas - in' the ducks Till they're run off their legs. There's". The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, with a key signature of one flat. The piano part features a descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

noth - in' that's safe! I've right now to know, For she's

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "noth - in' that's safe! I've right now to know, For she's". The piano accompaniment continues with the same descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand. Dynamics include *sf* (sforzando) and *p* (piano).

stol - en my heart on me three years a - go.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics "stol - en my heart on me three years a - go.". The piano accompaniment continues with the same descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line is mostly silent, indicated by a long horizontal line. The piano accompaniment continues with the same descending eighth-note pattern in the right hand. Dynamics include *p* (piano).

A SOFT DAY.

W. M. LETTS.

C. V. STANFORD.

Op. 140. No 3.

Lento Moderato.

VOICE.

PIANO.

The first system of the musical score. The voice part begins with a rest, followed by the lyrics "A soft day, thank God! A". The piano accompaniment starts with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The key signature has four flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat, D-flat) and the time signature is 3/4.

wind from the south With a hon-ey'd mouth; A scent of drenching leaves,

The second system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics "wind from the south With a hon-ey'd mouth; A scent of drenching leaves,". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

Bri - ar and beech and lime, White el - der-flower and thyme And the

The third system of the musical score. The voice part continues with the lyrics "Bri - ar and beech and lime, White el - der-flower and thyme And the". The piano accompaniment continues with the same melodic and harmonic patterns. The key signature and time signature remain the same.

soak - ing grass smells sweet, Crushed by my two bare feet, While the

rain drips, drips, drips, drips from the eaves.

A soft day, thank God! The hills wear a shroud - of

sil - ver cloud: The web the spi - der weaves is a glitt - 'ring net;

The wood-land path is wet, And the soak-ing earth smells

sweet Un - der my two bare feet, And the

rain _____ drips, drips, drips, drips,

from the leaves. _____

rall.

f

LITTLE PETER MORRISSEY.

W. M. LETTS.

C. V. STANFORD.

Op. 140. No 4.

Lento. *(To be sung like recitation)*

VOICE.

Poor lit-tle Pe-ter Morris-sey, What way is he at all? His

PIANO.

moth - er's sup - ping por - ter till she's like to get a fall, And

all the work his fa - ther does is prop - ping up a wall. He's

* a vest or jersey

ne'er a shirt up - on his back, nor gan - zy to his name, There

nev - er was a pair of boots the likes of him could claim, An' he's

af - ter treadin' on some glass the way he's walk - ing lame. When

de - cent chil - dren lie in bed you'll see him out at night, When he's

screech - in' "Mail" and "Her - ald," or join - ing in a

cresc.
f

fight To hold his own with oth - er lads, An'

he not half their height. You'll

f

see him in the win - ter time stra - va - gin' through the wet: He's

f *p*

not so wish - ful to go home Where like - ly he'll be bet; If he's

rall.
kilt with cold and damp, who is there that will fret?

c.p. *p* *espressivo* *sf*

Poor lit - tle Pe - ter Mor - ris - sey, his troub - les have be - gun, And

yet I've of - ten seen him - self sit laugh - ing in the sun, And he's

al-ways read-y af-ter school To sing and lep and run

cresc. *mf*

p

His moth-er likes the drink too well to spare the child a toy, You'd

pp

think, maybe, the way he is was far e-nough from joy, And yet_ There's

time I en - vy him The light heart of a boy.

pp

THE BOLD UNBIDDABLE CHILD.

W. M. LETTS.

C. V. STANFORD.

Op. 140. No 5.

Allegro feroce.

VOICE. *f* Now what is he af - ter be -

PIANO. *f*

f - low in the street? (God save us, he's ter - ri - ble wild!) Is it

p

stir - rin' the gut - ter a - round with his feet? He'd best be a - ware when the

two of us meet. Come in out o' that, Come in out o that, Come

in, ——— You bold un-bid-da-ble child!

He's af-ter up-set-ting the Wi-dow Foy's pail- She'll

mur-der him yet, Wi-dow Foy! An' he's pull-ing the mass-a-cree

dog by the tail; By the ho - key! That young one is born for the gaol. Come *f*

in out o' that, Come in out o' that, Come in, ——— You rogue of a vil-lyain-ous

boy! Go tell him his moth-er is *p*

seek-ing a stick For a boy that is ter - ri - ble wild. If he

care for his feel - ings he'd bet - ter be quick, He'll draw in his horns when he

sees me, will Mick, Come in out o' that, Come in out o' that, Come

in, _____ Come in, _____ you bold un - bid - da - ble

child!

IRISH SKIES.

W. M. LETTS.

C. V. STANFORD.

Op. 140. No 6.

Andante.

VOICE. *mf*

In Lon-don here the streets are grey,—

PIANO. *mf*

and grey the sky a - bove; *p* I wish I were in Ire-land To

see the skies I love— Peari cloud, buff cloud, the col - our of a dove. *mf* All

day I tra-vel Eng-lish streets, but in my dreams I tread *p* The

far Glen-cul-len road and see the soft sky o-ver-head, Grey clouds, white clouds, the

wind has shepherded *mf* At night the London lamp shine bright,

— but what are they to me? *p* I've seen the moonlight in Glen-dhu, the

stars a-bove Glenchree— The lamps of Heav'n give light e-nough for me. The

ci - ty in the win - ter time put on a shroud of smoke, But the

sky a-bove the Three rock was blue as Ma - ry's cloak,

ruff-led like doves' wings when the wind a-woke.

pp

I dream I see the Wick - low hills by eve - ning sun - light

pp

cresc.

kissed, An' ev - 'ry glen and val - ley there brim - ful of ra - diant

cresc.

mf

mist The jewel - led sky to - paz and

mf *cresc.*

am - e - thyst. I woke to see the Lon - don streets,

f *p*

The som - bre sky a - bove,

mf God's bless-ing on the far-off roads, *p* And on the skies I

love, pearl feath - er, grey feath - er, wings of a

dove.

CUSHENDALL

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John Stevenson

SET TO MUSIC

BY

CHARLES VILLIERS STANFORD

OP. 118

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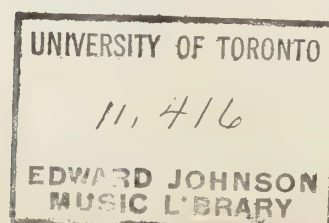
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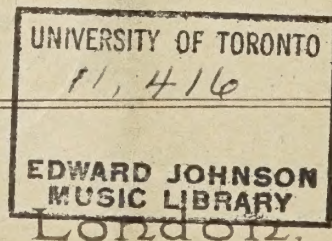
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